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Harry Dare

OF

NEW AMSTERDAM,

A DRAMA IN 5 ACTS

BY

HENRY ✓ FUEHRER.

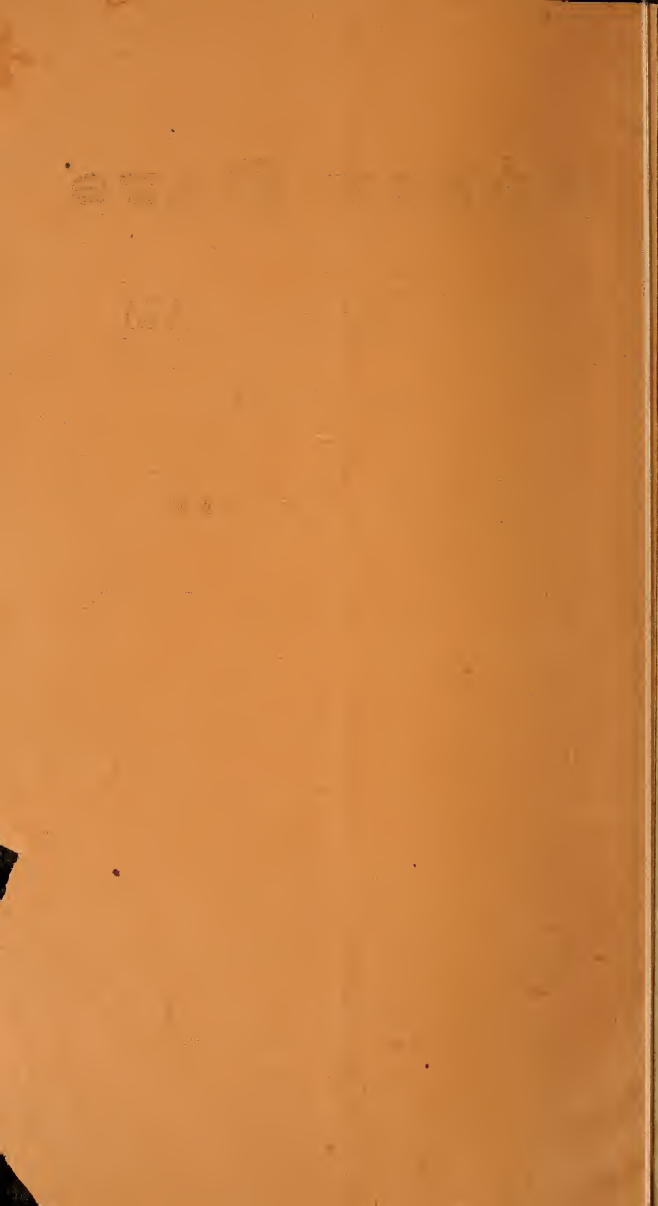
Tableaux :

1. REFUSED.
2. A SUCCESSFUL LOVER.
3. THE MURDER.
4. THE ARREST.
5. ABDUCTED.
6. IN PRISON.
7. AMONG THE INDIANS.
8. VIRTUE IS REWARDED.

BROOKLYN, N. Y. :

Jacob F. Becker, Printer, 149 Scholes Street.

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PERSONS REPRESENTED :

ULRICK VAN ZANDT, an inn-keeper.

LILLIE, his daughter.

MISS SHREUTENDROCK, his housekeeper.

ZACHARIAH STEVENSON, a retired merchant.

BERNARD, his son.

HARRY DARE, a fisherman.

JOHN TINKER, his mate.

KITTIE, servant of Van Zandt.

ARNOUX, a villain.

TOM, the prison keeper.

RAPAHOE, an Indian.

DAN, a sailor.

Four Citizens.

Two Constables.

Citizens, Sailors, Indians, &c., &c.

Scene of action: New Amsterdam and Elizabethtown.

Time : 1664.

TMP96-006417

ACT I.

Front of Van Zandt's inn. On the left side of the stage is a summerhouse, decked with shrubbery and containing a table and a bench. On the right side in front of the inn a table and chairs.

Scene I. Kittie (sweeping in front of the inn.) It's going to be a fine day; perhaps John will come to town. John is my bean, you must know, and oh! I love him so!

Scene II. John (steals up from behind and holds his hand to Kittie's eyes.)

Kittie. (gives a little scream.)

John. Guess, who it is?

Kittie. As if I did not know your voice; it's John.

John (releasing her eyes and taking her hand.) Yes, it is John. And do you still love your Johnny with all your heart?

Kittie. Indeed I do, although you certainly do not deserve it. For here you haven't been down to see me these eight days and never a word did I hear from you.

John. But my master has not been to see his beloved either for that length of time and I am sure he loves his Lillie as well as I love you.

Kittie. Pst! Silly boy! How can you speak of your master's affairs and those of our young lady in such a free and easy manner. He certainly did not tell you, that he loves Miss Lillie.

John. Oh, no. But then, there are unmistakable signs and don't I know them by heart? (embracing Kittie) Why, I know how it is myself! (tries to kiss Kittie.)

Kittie. Oh, you naughty fellow!

John (again attempting to kiss Kittie, who offers but little resistance) It's naughty, but it's nice, oh, so nice! (kisses Kittie.)

Kittie. Now stop; it's enough!

John. Is it? I would rather have a little more.

Kittie. You had better go about your business now and let me attend to mine.

John. Ah, that reminds me of something. You see Kittie, I had a long row and a good walk this morning, and while my boat was skipping over the placid waters of the river, and while I was walking from the shore up here, I was constantly thinking of something.

Kittie. You were thinking of me, wasn't you, dear?

John. Of you? No. I was thinking of the toothsome pancakes I would eat after I got here.

Kittie. Pshaw! how prosaic!

John. Prosaic? Well, that may be; but I will enjoy them nevertheless. And after I have had my breakfast, I will think of you again.

Kittie. Very well, dear. I will fetch you some pancakes out here.

John. You will see how quickly they will disappear.

Kittie. All right. (*starts to go.*)

John. And Kittie, bring me a nice cup of coffee too.

Kittie. All right. (*starts to go.*)

John. And Kittie, bring me some molasses too, please?

Kittie (turns back.) And, Johnny Tinker, don't you want some reddishes and some champaign and some roast duck too?

John. Well, yes. I shouldn't mind, if it is no trouble to you.

Kittie (sarcastically.) Oh no, no trouble at all to bring out the whole kitchen. (*exit into inn.*)

John. (looks after Kittie) A splendid girl is Kittie and some day—not too far distant I hope—I will make her Mrs. John Tinker. Wouldn't that be nice?

Scene III. Ulrick Van Zandt (enters from inn yawning) Hoa! Hoa! Good morning, sir.

John. Good morning, mine host!

Ulrick. You're out early, young man. How is your master?

John. He is well, thank you. God preserve him!

Ulrick. You seem to be greatly attached to him.

John. I love him dearly, as I would love a brother, if I had one.

Ulrick. But he is an Indian, is he not?

John. He an Indian? Well, I guess not. But if he was, I would love him all the same.

Ulrick. Come, now; isn't he a full-blooded Indian?

John. He is a man and you can't find his equal in all New Netherlands. As for his being an Indian—I know

he is not, although he was brought up right in the midst of an Indian tribe. He is a direct descendent of the first child born of English parents on the American continent. His grandmother's name was Virginia Dare and she was of pure English stock. Of course, his long association with the Indian tribes has left its impress upon his outward form. All that is excellent in the character of the Indian may be found in his, and withal there is not a truer man, a more devout Christian or a better citizen in all the towns from New Amsterdam to the Virginian settlements.

Ulrick. Why, young man, you grow quite enthusiastic in his praise. I must cultivate your excellent master's acquaintance. But how did you fall in with him?

John. Ah, the recollection of it ever swells my heart with gratitude towards him, the preserver of my life.

Ulrick. The preserver of your life? Tell me how it happened.

John. (*accompanied by sweet music from the orchestra*) It was on the day after my arrival here from the English settlement. Being a fisherman by trade, I came here with the intention of plying my trade in these waters, which for their splendid fisheries were known, as far as Cape Henlopen. But not being acquainted with the many eddies of the waters surrounding the islands at the entrance to the sound, my boat became almost unmanageable. A sudden gust of wind upset it and I found myself in the water right on the edge of a terrible whirlpool. Though a good swimmer, I felt myself irresistibly drawn towards the greedy circle. My cries for help were heard by other fishermen—but no one dared to come to my assistance—except one!

Ulrick. And that was he?

John. Indeed it was. Regardless of the danger his boat shot out from the rest, right up to where I was struggling with the seething waters. In a moment he had me in his boat, and with a few powerful strokes of the oar, his boat shot out of danger and I was saved!

Ulrick. A daring deed.

John. And one I shall remember to my grave.

Scene IV. Kittie. (*enters with various edibles*) Oh, there's my master.

John. Come, come lassie—my appetite is strong, I was impatiently waiting for you.

Kittie. (*placing edibles on the table*) I hope you will like them. I made them myself.

John. (*falls to*)

Ulrick. Indeed, that smells inviting. Kittie, my dear, fix me some of these pancakes too.

Kittie. Your breakfast, sir, is ready in the dining-room.

Ulrick. Bring it out here, girl. If you have no objection, sir, I will keep you company.

John. Not the slightest. I rather prefer to take my meals in company. (*Exit Kittie.*)

Ulrick. You seem to be blessed with a splendid appetite?

John. And so I am. (*always eating.*) My work is hard, and he who works hard ought to eat heartily.

Scene V. Kittie (*returns with Ulrick's breakfast.*) There is your breakfast, sir. (*Exit Kittie.*)

Ulrick. (*pulling to*) I am almost famished.

John. (*finishing*) I must go and meet my master now. Perhaps both of us will pay you a visit later in the day.

Ulrick. Both of you are always welcome. (*Exit John*)

Yes, they are good fellows, both of them. I am really sorry they don't come oftener. I have no doubt this young fellow has his eye on that little minx Kittie. Well, Kittie is a diligent, good little creature and she can cook—it's a caution, I tell you. He won't make such a bad bargain when he gets her for his wife.

Scene VI. Enter Zachariah Stevenson and Bernard, his son.

Stevenson. Good morning to thee, neighbor.

Bernard. Good morning, sir.

Ulrick. (*receiving them courteously.*) Well, this is an unexpected pleasure. Gentlemen, what can I do for you? I have some excellent apple-jack in my cellar.

Stevenson. Neighbor, friend. We did not come to fall victims to thine temptations in the form of spirits. I came here with my son, Bernard, to speak to thee of a friendly family affair, dost thou understand, my friend?

Ulrick. A family affair? Well sir, speak.

Stevenson. My dear boy Bernard has arrived at that age, when he should no longer remain alone, but when a helpmate ought to adorn his household. Dost thou understand, my friend? I pressed him to take to his bosom a wife, and he confessed to me, that he had fallen

in love with thy daughter. Dost thou understand, my friend?

Ulrick. (astonished) With my daughter? With my Lillie?

Stevenson. Even so. I should have preferred some one else to the daughter of one who deals in intoxicating liquors—boooooh!—but my son insisted, and so I consented to come with him and arrange the matter and fix the day. Dost thou understand, my friend?

Ulrick. I understand fully. But how do you know, that my daughter will be willing to take your son?

Stevenson. (surprised) Wha—what? Your daughter—take my son—. Well, well, is it possible?—I never thought of that.

Ulrick. She ought to have something to say in the matter—dost thou understand—my friend?

Stevenson. Yes, yes, of course. Forms must be observed. Thou perceivest, my friend, that my dear boy is a good-looking lad and a good lad too. He is my only son and when I die, he inherits all I have—mind you, before I die he gets nothing, but after I die, he gets all I have, dost thou understand, my friend?

Ulrick. Well, my daughter is not penniless either. She too is my only child, and if she consents to take a good man for her husband, I wouldn't object to his taking charge of my business at once, provided I would have a home in this house as long as I live.

Stevenson. Very well, my friend. Let me speak to thy daughter.

Bernard. No, father. I have humored you so far. But I can speak to Lillie myself.

Stevenson. See, see, the bold boy. Thou hadst better let me advocate thy cause, young man. Oh, I have great influence over the female portion of the community, and none of them can resist my arguments, dost thou understand, my friend?

Ulrick. Your son is right. In such matters a young man ought to speak for himself. My daughter will be down presently and then you can press your suit.

Scene VII. Enter Miss Shreutendrock, Van Zandt's housekeeper.

Ulrick. Miss Shreudendrock—has my daughter risen?

Miss S. She has, and will be down presently.

Ulrick. Will you have the kindness to conduct Mr.

Stevenson to the parlor and entertain him there for a little while?

Miss S. (modestly) I—entertain a gentleman? oh, sir!

Ulrick. You know Mr. Stevenson, do you not? He is our next-door neighbor; (*introducing*) Mr. Stevenson.

Stevenson. Zachariah Stevenson, Esq., at thy service.

Ulrick. Miss Caroline Shreutendrock, my housekeeper.

Miss S. I am happy, sir, to make your acquaintance—but I am afraid, I shall not be capable of entertaining you as I should. Oh, sir, I am so modest.

Stevenson. Fear not, I will entertain thee then. Dost thou understand, my friend? I will speak to thee of the time, when my own beloved Amarintha, (she was my wife) was still living, and when my dear boy Bernard was still a prattling babe—dost thou understand, my friend?

Miss S. A baby—oh sir, you shock my modesty!

Stevenson. Why, my dear woman, thou wert a baby thyself once. Come, lead me to the parlor. I will instruct thee in real modesty, for I see thou art sadly wanting in the quality of which thou wouldst brag. Dost thou understand, my friend?

Exit Miss S. and Stevenson.

Ulrick. (to Bernard) And I will send my daughter down to you directly, sir. (*Exit.*)

Bernard. Thanks. (*alone*) At last the hour for which I have so ardently hoped, has arrived. Does she love me? I do not know. It was impossible to approach her. But of one thing I am convinced: she loves no one else. How I tremble. If my friend Arnoux could see me now, wouldn't he laugh at my expense? We have robbed and killed together, we have faced a thousand dangers together without flinching, and now I stand here like a trembling schoolboy, at the prospect of asking a timid girl for her hand. The girl is a treasure. Bad as I have been, I think with that girl for my wife I will become a better man.

Scene VIII. Enter Lillie from the house.

Lillie. Good morning, sir. Papa told me that you wished to see me.

Bernard. (bowing low; aside) How beautiful she is! (*to Lillie*) Miss Van Zandt—you will hardly recollect me.

Lillie. I do sir. You are our next door neighbor, Mr. Stevenson.

Bernard. I feel highly flattered to be known to you.

Lillie. You have taken great pains not to let me forget the fact, for you will remember, that you have greatly annoyed me lately by following me wherever I went, by staring at me continually at church and elsewhere. I could hardly explain your strange conduct.

Bernard. I have come to explain and apologize.

Lillie. No apology is necessary, sir, if you will only cease your annoying attentions.

Bernard (chagrined) Annoying?

Lillie. To a high degree, sir.

Bernard. Miss Van Zandt—I regret deeply, that my conduct has displeased you. But I came here to-day to pay you the highest compliment, which a man can pay to a lady—I came to ask for your hand in marriage.

Lillie. I was prepared for this declaration on your part—I do not wish to pain you—but—it can never be.

Bernard. Never—never—why not?

Lillie. (firmly) Because I do not love you.

Bernard. (aside) The devil! *(to Lillie)* Miss Van Zandt, pardon me. I have taken you by surprise. I should have asked you first for permission to visit your family—I should have cultivated your acquaintance and afterwards, when you had learned to love me, pressed my suit. Oh, I was too hasty—pardon me!

Lillie. It would have made no difference, Mr. Stevenson. I could never love you.

Bernard. (in great excitement) Oh, then you love some one else!—

Lillie. Be it so, if you will have it.

Bernard. (losing all coolness) Who is it? Ha! Tell me the name of the villain!

Lillie. (pointedly) I will not tell you the name of the VILLAIN, sir!

Bernard. Ha! I will find him. Let him beware of my revenge!

Lillie. I will listen to you no longer, sir. Adieu. *(turns to go.)*

Bernard. (aside) Damn it! I have spoiled all, through my rashness! *(to Lillie)* Miss Van Zandt—Lillie—I was rash—thoughtless, pardon me. I did not mean what I said—oh, how can I make reparation?

Lillie. By acting like a gentleman in the future. *(exit)*

Bernard. (in a rage) Ha! Refused! Refused! She loves some one else. I will find out who it is and tear

his heart out. If she had yielded to my suit, I would have striven hard to be a better man. Now I will be as heartless as a tiger. My revenge will be as cruel as death. Yes, I will humble her, the jade—kneeling before me in the dust she shall beg of me the privilege of becoming my wife. Then I will treat her as she spurned me now. Ha! I will push her from me with my foot, abandon her to desperation and dishonor!

Scene IX. Enter Ulrick.

Ulrick. Alone! Well, what success did you have!

Bernard. Ah, it's you? Success? Hahaha! She has refused me—hahahaha! (*exit quickly.*)

Ulrick. (alone) Well, I expected that. I would not have him myself, if I was a young girl. And just now he had a look in his eye, that made me shiver all over.

Scene X. Enter Stevenson and Miss Shreutendrock.

Stevenson. Well, have the two children settled the thing between them?

Ulrick. (aside) They have settled it, but not the way you expect.

Stevenson. And when will the happy day be—dost thou understand my friend?

Ulrick. Never.

Stevenson. What? Dost thou mean to tell me, that my son, my son has been refused by thy daughter?

Ulrick. Alas, it's a fact.

Stevenson. This is astonishing.

Miss S. Well I never. And such a nice-looking young man too. Why, I would have taken him myself, if he had only asked me.

Stevenson. Then I will go. I will remain no longer on the premises, where my son has been insulted. I go. God speed thee, Miss Bulenwhack.

Miss S. Shreutendrock, if you please, kind sir. (*curtesying.*)

Stevenson. (to Ulrick) As for thee and thy daughter (*snaps his fingers*) Dost thou understand my friend? (*exit.*)

Miss S. Oh, isn't he a nice man?—So kind, so pious and so eloquent!

Ulrick. But what did he mean by snapping his fingers? If I thought he meant to insult me or my daughter—why, I would break every bone in his body. (*starts to follow Stevenson.*)

Miss S. (holds him back) Don't sir, don't. You frighten me!

Ulrick. The lank skeleton. I feel like following him and kicking him down his own front stoop, the blarsted "dost thou understand, my friend". (*exit.*)

Miss S. (alone) Now I don't care, if he is a little queer, he is a kind, amiable, well-disposed person. And he gave me such good advice to repress my modesty; and in such an insinuating manner too, when he spoke about his departed wife, that I actually thought he was going to propose to me. And if he had, I really don't know what I would have done—there—there is my modesty again. Yes, I do know what I would have done—I would have said "yes," and if my modesty had killed me the next moment. The trouble is: nobody ever proposed to me yet—they know, I am too modest, too modest altogether. (*exit.*)

Change of Scene.

Scene XI. Garden and Woods behind Van Zandt's inn. Ulrick and Lillie enter.

Ulrick. Now, my dear Lillie. I found no opportunity yet to-day to speak to you about this Bernard Stevenson and his proposal.

Lillie. There is time enough now, father.

Ulrick. You know, I am a matter of fact man. Don't hesitate to tell me all. Why did you refuse him, child?

Lillie. Because I do not love him, father, and because—he is not a good man.

Ulrick. Not a good man? How do you know? Did he do anything dishonorable?

Lillie. God has stamped his character upon his face. But his conduct to-day has amply verified my suspicion. After I refused him, his passion overmastered him, and he indulged in language which no honest man would use. Now I know that he is a villain.

Ulrick. Then God be thanked, that you did not accept him. You see, his father is rich; he is not a bad-looking young man, and if you had chosen him for your husband, I would have given you my blessing.

Lillie. I know you love me, father, and you will never stand in the way of my happiness.

Ulrick. Certainly not, my child. Choose whom you will. If he be a man in the true sense of the word, and I know your choice would fall on no other, you and he shall have my blessing.

Lillie. Thank you, dear father, thank you.

Ulrick. I will return to the house now. Follow me soon, child. (*exit.*)

Lillie. (alone) And yet, dear father, I dare not reveal to you the secret of my heart, for fear you would not approve of my choice. People say he is an Indian, or at least that he has Indian blood in his veins. But I care not if he has—he is the hero of my imagination. His brow bears the imprint of perfect manliness, his heart is good and gentle, his soul the very image of my God and I love him, oh, so dearly, so devotedly!

Scene XII. Harry Dare enters through the bushes.

Harry. Miss Van Zandt, pardon my intrusion. I intended to go to your father's inn, and the nearest way from the river leads through this part of the garden.

Lillie. Oh, I am rather glad you came—that is—oh, pardon me—I, I—(*stops in great confusion.*)

Harry. (aside) What means this confusion? Great heavens, is it possible! Does she return my love?

Lillie. (recovering slowly) You see, Mr. Dare, formerly you came to our house oftener and I did not feel abashed in the least—but now, why, one hardly sees you two or three times in a year, and you appear more like a stranger, than a friend.

Harry. A friend! Ah, how sweet that name sounds from your lips. Did you really miss me then? I thought you would never observe my absence.

Lillie. Oh, how could you!

Harry. (resolutely) Miss Van Zandt—I will tell you the reason I came to your house less frequently. I thought I would be able to subdue and, if possible, entirely to control my passion. But my attempt has been useless. No one can control his heart. It is possible that what I have to say may wound you deeply. Do not be angry. I must speak at last. For after having spoken, I shall know at least, that want of courage to speak did not deprive me of the greatest happiness in store for any mortal!

Lillie. You frighten me—you—

Harry. Nay, Miss Van Zandt, fear not. I have but a few words to say to you, and whatever your answer may be—I shall never cease to worship the very ground you tread on. Lillie—I love you, have loved you since I first beheld you!

Lillie. Loved me!

Harry. (takes her hand) Yes, loved you, adored you with all my heart. But do I see aright—you do not grow angry at my presumption—do not repel me—allow your hand to rest in mine—oh, Lillie—is it possible that after all my wildest hopes may be realized!

Lillie. Oh, Harry!

Harry. (embracing Lillie rapturously) That name from your lips. Oh, confirmation of my fondest wish! But tell me, Lillie, let me hear the sweet words from your own lips, lest I doubt the evidence of my senses. Do you really love me?

Lillie. Yes, Harry, I do.

While they speak the last sentences, sweet music is played by the orchestra, growing wilder as the scene proceeds. Bernard has shown himself hidden behind some shrubbery. He now advances and draws his hunting knife to stab Harry. Behind Harry and Lillie, John appears. Unperceived by Bernard, he glides behind that worthy, grasps the arm with which he holds the knife and without a word bids him go. During this pantomime, Harry and Lillie engage in earnest conversation.

Tableau.

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

ACT II.

Square in front of the court-house in New Amsterdam. Harry Dare and John Tinker stand in front of the court-house, around them are groups of citizens in animated conversation. It is growing dark.

Scene I. Bernard and Arnoux enter leading Dan, a drunken sailor.

Bernard. (to Dan) Now then, old man, sit down here on the steps of the court-house.

Arnoux. Yes, take a rest.

Bernard (perceiving Harry) Ha, he is here too. Could I but murder him.

Arnoux. (to Bernard) Don't look so savage; some one will observe you.

Bernard (laughing) Oh yes, I forgot we are not alone. *(to Dan)* Well, old fellow, how do you feel now?

Dan. (in a maudlin voice) Oh, I feel pretty well—pretty well. His Highness, the duke of York would laugh, if he could see me in this (hic) condition, wouldn't he though?

Bernard. You're all right. Take a nap here and afterwards my friend and I will lead you down to the river.

Dan. (falling asleep) Yes, yes—down to the river—down to the river.

Arnoux. Let him lie now till the crowd disperses. His belt is well filled with gold. I saw several crowns, when he paid for the last drink. (they slink to the rear)

First Citizen. I tell you, citizens, Stuyvesant had no business to surrender to the English Man of war. He should have inquired first, whether the citizens were willing to surrender.

Second Citizen. So he should. We want to fight the English.

All. Yes, we want to fight!

Second Citizen. Come, comrades—to arms! to arms!

All. (shouting in disorder) Yes to arms! Come, let us fight!

Harry. Gentlemen, hear me.

Second Citizen. Hear what Harry has to say.

Some. Yes listen!

Harry. Do not be hasty, citizens, lest you make yourselves amenable to the law. Stuyvesant, the Governor set over you by the Dutch government, has formally surrendered this province to the Duke of York. The English king is now the ruler of this land. Believe me, you lose nothing by this change. For what advantage was it to you to be citizens of this colony? Did you have a voice in any public affair? Could you in any wise control the management of the public treasury? Oh, no. Your right as citizens amounted to nothing, but a mere license to trade. All this will be different under English rule. By your vote you will be entitled to take part in the administration of public affairs. You will be as free, as sovereign as an Englishman in old England.

First Citizen. I have nothing to say against that. But why do they take away from our town the name of New Amsterdam and call it New York? (derisively) New York! bah!

Harry. What's in a name?

Second Citizen. Yes, why do they change the name of our town, that's what I would like to know !

Third Citizen. Well, I guess York is right about that. If I had captured the town, I would change the name too.

Second Citizen. (laughing) And that would be a funny name too: New Van Arsdale, hahahaha !

All the Citizens (laugh.)

Third Citizen. Your name wouldn't sound any better. *Shooting of cannon behind the scenes.*

Harry. The change of government is now complete. These salutes thunder forth to the world the fact, that Governor Stuyvesant surrenders to the Duke of York, and that New Amsterdam has become New York.

Fourth Citizen (shouts) Long live our Governor, the Duke of York !

Citizens (shout) Hail, hail, hurrah !

Beating of drums, ringing of bells and shooting behind the scenes.

John. Now the retinue of the new Governor comes up the main streets.

First Citizen. Will they pass by here ?

Second Citizen. No; don't you see, they turn down towards the North River.

First Citizen. Let us go nearer to the spectacle.

Citizens. Yes come. Come on.

All citizens hurry off; it grows dark.

John. It is growing late. We ought to be on the way to our island.

Harry. Really, it is time we should start. Go and put our boat in readiness; I will join you in a few minutes.

John. Do not remain here alone. But a few moments ago I saw Bernard lurking about. He may return and take you unawares.

Harry. I do not fear him; he is a coward.

John. But a coward strikes from behind. Remember the attempt he made in the garden.

Harry. Fear not for me, my friend. I will be on my guard.

John. Very well, sir. *(exit.)*

Harry. (alone) John is a good boy; he loves me like a brother. I intended to go to Van Zandt's inn, before turning homeward, in the hope of catching a glimpse of my sweet Lillie. But for John's sake, to relieve him of his anxiety, I will forego that pleasure and follow

him straight. What a calm, sweet night it is. How kindly the stars twinkle down upon this beautiful land, which has to-day become an English colony! This change of government was a necessary step towards the complete liberty of the people of this country. Henceforth English liberty and thought will here be freely taught. Unrestrained by territorial limits, with inexhaustible resources at their command, the people of this land will soon develop liberty and thoughts unparalleled in history for their grandeur. In my mind's eye I see this very spot the centre of a new civilization, of a nation breathing liberty and noble aspiration. A century or two will convert this island, rugged now and desolate, into a human beehive full of life and animation! (*exit.*)

Scene II. Enter Bernard and Arnoux stealthily.

Arnoux. He still sleeps.

Bernard. Take the money quickly.

Arnoux. Hold your knife ready in case he should awake.

Bernard. Go on, I am ready.

Arnoux. He seems uneasy—if he should wake up—

Bernard. Go on, don't spoil the job now.

Arnoux. (*robs Dan*) I've got it—quickly come.

Dan. (*awakes, raises himself up and sees the two robbers*) I'm robbed—ah, it's you.

Arnoux. The devil!—He recognizes us—strike!

Dan. (*entirely sobered, shaking with fear*) For God's sake—don't—don't murder me! (*sinks on his knees.*)

Arnoux. (*aside to Bernard*) Strike quickly, before he has time to cry out.

Bernard. Yes, poor fellow, we will spare you—there, take back your money (*holding the purse towards Dan with his left hand he suddenly stabs Dan with the knife.*)

Dan. (*falls to the ground with a piercing shriek.*)

Arnoux. The devil! That shriek—people are coming—let us fly!

Bernard. Fool! (*hides the knife*) Do you want to put our necks into the halter? Wait—let me speak to them.

Arnoux. Come, before it is too late.

Bernard. I have a plan—Harry Dare!

Arnoux. (*with quick intelligence*) Ha!

Scene III. Stevenson is revealed by the rising moon, looking at Dan horror-stricken.

Arnoux. (*pointing at him*) See!

Bernard. Powers of hell—my father !

Stevenson. Alas ! Alas ! I saw all !

Scene IV. Citizens enter.

First Citizen. We heard a bloodcurdling cry. Ha, what's that ?

Second Citizen. A foul murder has been committed here.

Third Citizen. See, he moves—

Fourth Citizen. Oh, horrid spectacle !

Dan. (attempts to rise and speak, staggers and then falls dead.)

Bernard. Yes, a deed most foul and terrible has been committed here—a deed which cries for vengeance swift and awful. My friend Arnoux and I came just in time to see the fiend, who did this, rifle his victims pockets and then fly, as if chased by a hundred devils.

First Citizen. You saw him fly, who was it ?

Second Citizen. Who was it, speak !

Citizens. (in chorus) Speak.

Bernard. Well, it was dark—I could not be certain—did you see him plainly, friend Arnoux ?

Arnoux. I saw him pretty plainly, but I might be mistaken—don't want to accuse an innocent man—who would accuse such an upright young man as he, of such a terrible crime—

Bernard. Yes, yes, you're right.

First Citizen. Whom do you mean, speak.

Bernard. Well, I do it reluctantly—but if you insist, I must tell you—it was Harry Dare.

First Citizen. Harry Dare ? Impossible !

Second Citizen. It cannot be.

Bernard. That's what I said to myself. And yet, if I can trust these eyes of mine—it was he. (*The orchestra plays a solemn air.*) But (*pointing to Stevenson*) there is one who saw as well as we !

Stevenson. (in great anguish) Oh, my son, oh, my son !

First Citizen. Who was it, Mr. Stevenson, speak.

Stevenson. Ah, they will kill him—they will kill him, if I speak.

First Citizen. Of course, if he is guilty, he will hang. Murder must be punished—even if the perpetrator be Harry Dare.

Second Citizen. Now, old man, tell us, did you recognize the murderer ?

Stevenson. I did—I did !

Citizens. Who was it ?

Stevenson. (*in terrible agony*) It was—it was— Harry Dare ! (*turns around, clasps his hands and looks heavenward.*)

Tableau.

Scene V. Governor's Island; on one side a craggy rock, on the other the water of the East River. A windmill at the shore in the rear. The fishery of Harry Dare; several accoutrements of his trade lying about.

Harry. (*alone*) Morning is fast approaching, and soon the sun will bathe the sky in crimson. Sweet Lillie, I did not see you last night, and now I feel such an irresistible longing for you !

Scene VI. John (*comes rushing upon the scene breathlessly*) *Harry,* friend—master !

Harry. What is it, John, what means this excitement ?

John. A crowd of people are coming from town—they want to arrest you.

Harry. Arrest me—for what ?

John. For murder, they say.

Harry. (*recoiling*) For murder ?

John. They utter terrible threats. Oh, I'm afraid they will commit some violence !

Harry. (*calmly*) Let them come. Who could make such a ridiculous charge against me ?

John. I know not. But fly—ere they come. Take your boat—fly down the sound to the English settlement. I will keep them at bay, till you are out of danger.

Harry. John, you mean well. But I am innocent. I will remain !

John. Here they come.

Scene VII. Enter two Constables, Citizens, Bernard and Armour.

First Constable. We are seeking Harry Dare.

Harry. Well, I am he.

First Constable. We have a warrant for your arrest.

Harry. Of what am I accused ?

Second Constable. Of murdering a sailor, named Dan.

Harry. Who makes this charge ?

Bernard. (*advancing*) I do !

Harry. (*with supreme contempt*) Ah, you ! That explains all. Citizens, I am innocent of this crime. But

I will show you that I respect the law. I will go with you in a moment.

Bernard. The scoundrel ought to be hung without any further ceremony.

Arnoux. Yes, hang him, hang him !

Third Citizen. Hang him to the nearest tree !

Citizens. (in wild disorder) Hang him ! Hang him !

First Constable. One moment. Citizens, friends; the prisoner is in my charge and under my protection. If he is guilty, he will not escape just punishment. But the first man, who threatens violence to my prisoner now, will have to deal with me and my pistol. (*places himself in front of Harry and cocks pistol.*)

Second Constable. Keep back, friends.

First Citizen. That's right, that's the talk.

First Constable. (to Harry) You will have to follow us.

Harry. I will go with you willingly. (*to John*) Old friend—there is nothing for you to do here now. But let me ask one favor.

John. Whatever it may be, I'll do it.

Harry. Whatever my arrest may purtend, coming through the agency of that man, it means some danger to my bride—to Lillie !

John. Speak, what shall I do ?

Harry. During my imprisonment do not lose sight of her for a moment. Guard her as if she were your own—promise me that, and I will be content.

John. (earnestly) I will—I swear it.

Harry. Then I am satisfied. Goodbye, John. (*shaking John's hand warmly*) Farewell ! And now I am at your disposal.

Tableau.

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

ACT III.

On one side is the house of Van Zandt with the window of Lillie's room overlooking the garden. On the other side is a cistern and a bench in front of the house.

Scene I. Miss Shreutendrock (sits upon the bench knitting) Evening has come again and I have not seen my beloved Zachariah. Zachariah Stevenson, oh beautiful

name! The more I dwell upon and think of my beloved, the better I love him—the more vanishes my modesty. I used to blush to myself when I thought of a man, but now I can think of my Stevenson, of my Zachariah Stevenson—beautiful name—without the blush and with the most exquisite feeling of bliss and exaltation. Perhaps I might have loved some one long ago, perhaps I might have been rid of my excessive modesty long ago, if only some man had had sufficient courage to speak to me as this dear Zachariah Stevenson did—oh, the dear soul. But nobody ever spoke to me that way—they knew I was too modest to be spoken to in that manner—too modest altogether! (*exit.*)

Scene II. Enter Van Zandt and Lillie.

Ulrick. So, my child, you want to speak to me. Here we are quite alone and you can talk to your heart's content. I knew there was something gloomy upon your mind all day. My pet, you can't conceal your emotions from me. Now, what is it?

Lillie. Father, I wanted to tell you last night, but found no opportunity, and this morning—oh, what a dreadful change had taken place! (*weeps.*)

Ulrick. Now don't—don't child. You know I cannot see you weep.

Lillie. Yesterday, after you left me in the garden, after you told me to accept no one but the man of my own selection—

Ulrick. Yes, I recollect.

Lillie. Harry Dare accidentally met me—he declared his love and I accepted him.

Ulrick. What? Harry Dare, the—who was arrested for murder?

Lillie. (*weeping bitterly*) Oh father, he is, he must be innocent.

Ulrick. Poor child, then you love him?

Lillie. I do, father, with all my heart.

Ulrick. Even now, after this has happened?

Lillie. I do and always will!

Ulrick. (*aside*) Then she will stick to him too, and if they hang him. (*to Lillie*) Poor child, poor child.

Lillie. Pity him rather. Oh, what cruel torture must he suffer under this false accusation. But I will not stand idly by and see him perish, without making an attempt to save him.

Ulrick. Rash child, what would you do?

Lillie. Discover the real perpetrator of this crime, bring him to justice and thus clear Harry from all suspicion.

Ulrick. Impossible, hopeless task. Three witnesses say, they saw him do the bloody deed. Ah, I fear you love a person unworthy of your affection.

Lillie. Oh, father, you too turn from him in his hour of need, you too condemn him instead of aiding him to prove his innocence.

Ulrick. What would you have me do?

Lillie. Go with me to-morrow to his prison-cell, ask him where he was and what he did last night, whom he suspects—in short, do that for him which may be necessary for his defense—You will do this for me, dear father, will you not?

Ulrick. Girl, you may be right after all. There might be a conspiracy. Bernard I heard this morning, is a profligate, not of the best character.

Lillie. And his rival too!

Ulrick. (*with a start*) True, I never thought of that. And Arnoux, the other witness, has been punished for stealing—but then there is old Stevenson; he is a truthful, much respected man; his word can be relied on, and he corroborates the story of his son and Arnoux.

Lillie. We must see him and get the story from his own lips—oh, there must be some mistake.

Ulrick. Well, child, be it so. I will go with you to-morrow and see what we can do.

Lillie. Thank you. And now I will retire to my room and pray to God for Harry's delivery. God will not forsake him, if he is forsaken by everyone else. (*exit into the house.*)

Ulrick. (*alone*) Poor child, poor child! I told you to listen to your heart's voice, but I did not expect that you would choose a murderer.—But is he really guilty of that crime? Three witnesses swear to his guilt, it is true; but then he has always borne a good character. Why, I have known him myself these last ten years, but I never heard anything against him. He never associated with suspicious characters; not the slightest suspicion has ever been raised against him. He must be in quite comfortable circumstances too; he was always diligent and knew how to save his earnings. Why then should he commit a robbery? Ah, but there is old Stevenson; he saw it done. There's no getting over that.

Scene III. Miss Shreutendrock enters from the house.

Miss S. A nice business-man you are, Mr. Van Zandt, to leave the front door wide open and to stand here in the garden a—moonshining.

Ulrick. Indeed, I did leave the door open—I will go and close the inn now.

Miss S. I have done it for you already.

Ulrick. Thank you.

Miss S. I will go to my room now—unless you wish for anything.

Ulrick. Wait a moment, Miss Shreutendrock. (*aside*) I ought to tell her. She has been a member of the family so long, has been as a mother to my Lillie—and yet—

Miss S. (aside) What does he mean? He bids me stay and then stops in confusion!—Is it possible, that he intends to propose to me? Oh, blissful idea!

Ulrick. Miss Shreutendrock, you have been in my employ a good many years—

Miss S. Yes sir, nigh on to fifteen years and always did my duty as well as I knew how. (*aside*) He never spoke in that solemn way before. No doubt at all, he wants to propose to me. Oh, that would be just splendid.

Ulrick. My daughter has grown up under your motherly care until now she is a young woman, old enough—

Miss S. Old enough to be married, that's a fact. (*aside*) Yes, I'm convinced of it now, he wants to propose to me and don't know how to do it. Poor man, I will help him. (*to Ulrick*) And you will be so lonely afterwards, so lonely, that's a fact.

Ulrick. Well, I wouldn't be so very lonely, seeing I have you left

Miss S. True, Mr. Van Zandt, and seeing that you don't know how to express what you want to say, I will confess to you, that I have often wondered, why you did not ask me to be your wife, yes, I have often wondered at it.

Ulrick. (aghast) Wha—what? Asked you to be my wife!—

Miss S. Yes, poor man and since you are so very bashful, I will confess to you, I have loved you all this time, all these fifteen years. But virtue and silent endurance are at last to find their reward—there Mr. Van Zandt, Ulrick—there, you may have me. (*falls on his breast and embraces him.*)

Ulrick. (recoiling) Well, well, well!

Miss S. (astonished) What are you welling about?

Ulrick. That wasn't what I wanted to say to you at all.

Miss S. (gasping) What? That wasn't what you wanted to say to me?

Ulrick. Why no, you didn't give me a chance to speak—I wanted to speak to you about the love—

Miss S. Well—about the love—

Ulrick. Of my daughter!

Miss S. So, that is the way you want to turn it around now, is it. Mr. Van Zandt, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. (*crying*) I didn't deserve such treatment from you. Waiting for fifteen years, and then to be disappointed in such a way. Oh, it's too provoking, too provoking—I shall never speak to you again sir, never, there now! (*exit in a rage*).

Ulrick. What's that, she loves me, me? (*breaks into a laugh.*) I never thought of such a thing. I always thought she was too modest to marry. Still, she is a good housekeeper, she knows all my little wants and habits. It would not be such a bad thing for me after all, to marry her. Well, I will think of it. (*exit into the house.*)

Scene IV. Bernard and Arnoux enter stealthily. It grows quite dark.

Arnoux. A storm is drawing near. Soon the rain will be pouring down. (*distant lightning.*) Do you see the lightning?

Bernard. All the better for our plan. But wait a moment. I saw a dark figure crouching behind a tree only a few steps from here.

Arnoux. The devil!

Bernard. Do not betray the fact, that we know of his presence. I will lay him low presently. It is that fellow, John, Harry's companion.

Arnoux. We must get him out of the way.

Bernard. We will presently. Then you climb up into the girl's room. My wagon is waiting in the road right opposite the inn. I will help you carry the girl and go inside with her. You jump on the front seat and drive as fast as you can towards the river where my boat is anchored. Afterwards everything will be easy.

Thunder and lightning.

Arnoux. Rely on me.

Bernard. (aside) And then, proud hussy, our reckoning will come.

Arnoux. Look out! That fellow approaches!

Bernard. (*retreating*) Back! I will give him a dose of this. (*shows a slung shot.*)

Scene V. Thunder and lightning.

Enter John. I saw them approach the house in a suspicious manner. They must be up to some deviltry. I think I will wake up the inmates of the house. (*walks towards the house.*) *Bernard* raises the slungshot and with one blow fells *John* to the ground. *John* gives a loud groan and then lies motionless.

It begins to rain.

Arnoux. I hope no one heard that groan. Look there—she has heard it, she opens the window.

Bernard. Good, I have a splendid plan, step aside.

Scene VI. Lillie (*in a night-robe, opens the window and listens.*) What was that? (*louder*) Who is out there?

Bernard. (*imitating John's voice*) It is I, John Tinker.

Lillie. Harry's servant—what do you wish?

Bernard. I have news for you from him and a letter.

Lillie. A letter—thank heaven—I will come down. (*closes window*) *Thunder and lightning.*

Bernard. Now we will seize her as soon as she comes out. Here's a gag. She must not give a sound of alarm.

Lillie enters from the house. The two villains seize her, she gives a piercing scream, they overpower her and carry her away. *Thunder and lightning.* *John* (*as in a dream.*) That scream! oh, my head—Harry! Lillie! (*tries to raise himself, succeeds partly and then falls in a dead swoon.*)

Change of Scene.

Scene VII. Prison. On one side is the cell of Harry, in which he is locked. The cell is open towards the audience.

Harry. (*in his cell*) John has not been here yet. Something must have happened to him or perhaps to her. Maybe she is in danger. If I were free I might come to her assistance. Now I begin to know, what it is to be bereft of liberty. For myself I would not care so much, but this uncertainty about the fate of my beloved is doubly galling, because I cannot fly to her succor. Perhaps Tom, the keeper, will soon return. He promised me to go down to Van Zandt's inn to-day and inquire about Lillie's safety. Perhaps he will bring me good news. John promised me faithfully to bring me

word of her every day, and I know he would have done so—had not some awful fate overtaken him and—her—

Scene VIII. Tom enters.

Harry. Speak, man, were you down at the inn?

Tom. Aye, poor fellow, I was, and sorrowful news I bring you.

Harry. What is it—speak—don't torture me.

Tom. She's gone.

Harry. (*dumbfounded*) Gone! Where?

Tom. Kidnapped, night before last!

Harry. Great God, by whom?

Tom. Alas, no one knows.

Harry. Bernard, this is your work! But John—have you seen John?

Tom. I could not find him anywhere.

Harry. Ah, then perhaps it is not yet too late!

Tom. Heaven grant it, sir.

Harry. Tom, you are an honest fellow—you see my anxiety—my bitter, bitter woe—

Tom. I see it, poor fellow, and my heart goes out to you.

Harry. You can help me, Tom.

Tom. I?

Harry. Set me free, and I promise you by all that's sacred, by my mother's grave, I will be back as soon as I have saved her.

Tom. Ah, I believe you would—honestly, I do. But to let you go would be deliberately breaking the oath of office which I took when I assumed my position and, man, would you ask me to break my oath?

Harry. True, I forgot. No, no, I do not wish to purchase my salvation at the price of your perdition! (*drops on his bed in despair.*) There is no hope then—no hope at all, except through John! (*buries his face with his hands.*)

Tom. Poor fellow, I feel sorely tempted to break my oath—he is such a good, frank fellow. But I would never dare to show my face again after that. Poor fellow, poor fellow—I really don't know what to do. (*exit shaking his head.*)

Harry. (*suddenly starting up*) Escape—I haven't thought of it yet—or rather I have scorned the idea. But now, for Lillie's sake, I would even incur the suspicion of cowardice. Let me see, if it is possible, (*mounts upon his bed and looks through the grated window.*)

Great heaven, there is John filing away at the iron bars ! Ah ! I feel new hope filling my heart ; he must have some good news for me. Faithful fellow, and his head is all bandaged up—he must have been wounded. (*peers through the grating at his door.*) Tom is far away ; I will give him some sign of recognition. (*calls guardedly*) John—hey—John !—He stops—he hears me. Now he goes to work again, the file is nearly through—there he inserts a crowbar—the grating breaks, he comes !

Scene IX. John enters through the window.

John (embracing Harry.) Master ! Friend !

Harry. Faithful boy ! But Lillie ?—

John. Alas, she was kidnapped and carried away.

Harry. By whom ?

John. By Bernard—the miserable dog.

Harry. I knew it was his work. But you ?—

John. I did all in my power.

Harry. Oh, I am sure of that.

John. They beat me with a slungshot till I lost my senses, but upon recovering consciousness, I followed up their trail. It led down to the river.

Harry. And do you know where they are now ?

John. I do. They brought her to an old blockhouse near Elizabethtown. There she is now, guarded by Indians and desperadoes. Upon ascertaining that fact, I had my wounds dressed and came hither at once to set you free.

Harry. My noble friend !

John. But come quickly. Let us escape ere my presence is discovered.

Harry. Oh, great heaven ! Tom returns ! Quickly hide.

John hides himself in the corner by the door.

Scene X. Enter Tom.

Tom. I am positive I heard conversation in his cell. All is not right. Here, ho, Harry !

Harry. Well, Tom, what do you wish ?

Tom. Who is with you in your cell ?

Harry. Why, no one.

Tom. I thought I heard some one speak.

Harry. I may have spoken to myself.

Tom. Nay, nay, that's not your wont. It is my duty—I must enter and see for myself.

Harry. (aside) Oh, great heaven !

John. (pulls his pistol and motions to Harry.)

Tom. (opens Harry's cell and enters) As soon as Tom enters, John takes hold of his arm and aims his pistol at Tom's heart.)

John. One word, one motion and I fire ! (to Harry)
Go, Harry—I will keep him here at bay till morning !

Harry. But you. They will punish you !

John. Go ! Do you want to ruin all ?—Go !

Harry. In God's name then—it is the only way. I go—God bless you, God bless you !

John. Go !

Harry. (exit through the window.)

John and Tom retain their positions rigidly.

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

ACT IV.

Scene I. Woods near Elizabethtown. An old blockhouse on one side. Warriors sit around a campfire in the centre. At a sign from Rapahoe, their chief, they get up. The music plays a wild dance. The Indians dance around the fire and then disperse. Rapahoe remains.

Scene II. Bernard enters. Now, Rapahoe, lead the paleface maiden hither. I wish to speak to her.

Rapahoe. Well, paleface. (exit into the blockhouse.)

Bernard. (alone) The time for useless entreaties is past. Now I will use more energetic means. I must break her spirits. If she refuses to accede to my honorable requests, then she shall succumb to my superior force. Ha ! Am I to be thwarted by this feeble girl ? Never ! I have it now in my power to realize my most ardent wishes and by all that's damned, I will do it !

Scene III. Rapahoe leads Lillie upon the scene.

Bernard motions to Rapahoe to depart.

Exit Rapahoe.

Bernard. (aside) Now, proud hussy, we will square accounts. And yet I tremble, for she looks like a queen. (to Lillie) Well, have you considered what your course will be ?

Lillie. There is no necessity for me to consider anything. I gave you my answer yesterday. I will never be the wife of such as you.

Bernard. (*angry*) You will not? And why not, pray?

Lillie. Why not? Do you wish me to tell you?

Bernard. Yes, I really would like to know.

Lillie. Well, then listen. Because I would sooner die the most terrible death, than be the wife of such a dastardly scoundrel as you are.

Bernard. (*unable to control his rage and drawing his dagger*) Hell and furies! For this insult you shall suffer! (*aims the dagger at her heart.*)

Lillie. Strike, coward, strike! (*eyes him disdainfully*)

Bernard (*drops his arm*) I cannot. Fool that I am, why should I kill her? Very well, my fine lady. If you will not be my wife, you shall be my mistress!

Lillie. You would not dare!

Bernard. I wouldn't? Well, we shall see. (*whistles; The Indians enter noiselessly from all sides, among them Rapahoe.*) (*to Lillie*) See; I will have you returned to your prison now. There I will visit you presently. First I will bring you to submission, and then I will hand you over to the tender mercies of these Indians.

Lillie. Oh, heaven!

Bernard. Aha! Now you change your attitude of proud defiance. Oh, I knew you would.

Lillie. (*gathering her strength*) Never coward, do your worst. Heaven will not forsake me. God will not permit such devilish designs as yours to prosper! (*While Lillie speaks the crouching form of Harry is seen behind the brushwork touched by the moon.*)

Bernard (*derisively*). He wouldn't? Well, well, we'll see. (*to Rapahoe*) Conduct her back to her prison. (*aside*) I will go and see Arnoux. He shall assist me in this business, for I really don't like her defiant attitude. (*exit.*)

Rapahoe motions to some of the braves to lead Lillie away; she is led off. Exit Indians.

Scene IV. Harry. (*advancing behind Rapahoe.*) Oh heaven, forgive this sacrifice, but it is necessary. I must kill this Indian, change his dress for mine and in that disguise thwart that villains plans. (*clutches Rapahoe by the throat and throws him down. Rapahoe however manages to free his throat from Harry's grasp and then with an iron grip holds Harry down.*)

Harry. (in despair) Heaven ! All is lost ! (*suddenly recognizing Rapahoe.*) Why—Rapahoe !

Rapahoe (who is in the act of braining Harry with his tomahawk) You know me ? (*looks at Harry closely*) *Harry—Harry Dare ! releases his hold and assists Harry up)* Much heap luck I know you—else (*brandishes his tomahawk.*)

Harry. It's you, Rapahoe. Oh, then all is well ! You remember, when I saved your life ?

Rapahoe. Many moons gone by since then, but Rapahoe remembers.

Harry. I would never have reminded you of it. But now I must. You then swore that whenever opportunity offered, you would return the favor.

Rapahoe. Rapahoe always keeps word.

Harry. Well, then, I have come to ask the favor now.

Rapahoe. What do you want ?

Harry. Promise to do as I request.

Rapahoe. I promise !

At this point Bernard and Arnoux appear in the rear of the blockhouse.

Harry. Deliver the girl you hold captive to me !

Rapahoe. (recoiling) Ha !

Harry. Remember your promise.

Rapahoe. Come—you shall have her.

Scene V. Bernard and Arnoux advance, and when Harry and Rapahoe approach the blockhouse, they cover them with their pistols.

Bernard. Hold, traitor !

Harry. (throws himself upon Bernard and wrestling with him throws him to the ground)

Bernard. Damnation ! I am wounded—oh !

Arnoux. (fights with Rapahoe. Both discharge their weapons at the same time and both fall mortally wounded.)

The Indians enter from all sides.

Bernard. Too late—I die—(*dies.*)

Harry. (assisting Rapahoe) How are you, my friend ?

Indians crowd around Rapahoe.

Rapahoe. (gasping) I go to happy hunting grounds. There is the girl—take her.

Harry. (opens the door to the blockhouse. Lillie enters and falls sobbing on Harry's breast.)

Harry. My sweetheart !

Rapahoe. (to the Indians) Let them go. Don't harm them!—(*Harry takes his hand*) Good-bye—(*dies*)
Tableau.

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

ACT V.

In front of the court-house in New Amsterdam.

Scène I. Tom leads John manacled to the court-house. Citizens cross the scene and enter court-house.

John. Wait a moment, please, before entering the court-room. I see my sweetheart approaching yonder. I would like to say good-bye to her.

Tom. All right. But don't try to escape, I'll keep my eye on you.

John. Escape? Pshaw! I wouldn't escape if I could.

Tom. English law prevails here now. And the English hang a man on very slight grounds.

John. Don't be afraid. I'll not escape.

Scene II. Kittie enters and falls on John's breast sobbing convulsively.

Kittie. Poor John, poor John! I heard they had you instead of Harry Dare, and that they would hang you instead of him. Oh, John, John, this will break my heart. (*weeps bitterly.*)

John. There now, darling, don't cry so. You make my eyes water in spite of me. It isn't quite as bad as you think. Harry will be back before they hang me and then—

Kittie. But, if he should not come back?

John. He will! (*aside*) Unless—well in that case I do not desire to live, but will share his fate.

Tom. Come now, young man. We can't keep the court waiting for us.

John. Very well, I'm coming. Courage, Kittie. Have faith in God, who ever protects the righteous. Something in my heart tells me, that all will come out right. Good-bye, darling, good-bye—till I see you again. (*embraces Kittie who clings to him until he ascends the steps*)

to the court-house, and then sinks sobbing upon the steps)
Exeunt John and Tom.

Kittie. John, poor John. You love your master better than you love me. And yet, if you were different from what you are, I would not love you as I do.

Scene III. Enter Stevenson.

Stevenson. A terrible phantom is ever pursuing me—it is my guilty conscience. Nowhere can I find rest. There is a voice ever crying in my heart: Tell the truth! Tell the truth! I cannot still it, cannot escape it. I have tried to pray to the Almighty, but my lips refuse to utter a prayer—my very heart loaths at my iniquity. There is the court-house. Alas, perhaps they are even now trying poor Harry, perhaps condemning him to death for a crime which he never committed, a crime my son committed—my son! Oh, it is too horrible! And I might save him from this awful doom by telling the truth. *The orchestra plays a sweet melody.* Ah, but then they would hang my son—my only child. *(perceives Kittie)* Who is this! *The bells in a neighboring church begin to toll solemnly. Kittie kneels down and prays:*

Kittie. Father in heaven. I pray to you to protect the innocent.

Stevenson. (sinks on his knees) This prayer, oh heaven!

Kittie. Guide the hearts of the judges, who are even now considering his fate, that they may be merciful.

Stevenson. Amen! Amen!

Kittie. Or let those, whose hearts are steeped in guilt, step forward and confess the truth.

Stevenson. (rises abruptly) Amen! Amen! Girl, thou has touched me with thy prayer! The veil falls from mine eyes; thy prayer shall be answered: I will tell the truth! I'll tell the truth, no matter what the consequences. Even now will I step into yonder court-room and proclaim the truth! *(exit into the court-house.)*

Kittie. What can he mean? I must follow him and see. *(follows Stevenson.)*

Scene IV. Enter Lillie and Harry.

Harry. And now, dearest, farewell. Return to your father's house. Duty to my faithful friend compels me to bid you now farewell.

Lillie. Must it be then? Is there no other way?

Harry. He took my place to enable me to come to

your rescue. Even now his life may be in danger. I must, I will relieve him. You know what they told us down at the river. He is being tried now.

Lillie (striving to retain her composure) Then Harry, kiss me once more, before you go.

Harry. (kissing Lillie's forehead) Good-bye, darling—*(embraces her once more)* good-bye!

Lillie. (almost fainting) Good-bye!

Scene V. As Lillie and Harry part, the door to the court-house is thrown open and John rushes out followed by Kittie.

The scene fills with citizens.

Ulrick and Miss Shreutendrock enter from the side.

John. What do I see?—Harry and Miss Lillie too! Hurrah! Hurrah!

Harry (embracing John) You are free?

John. Yes, and you too! All is as clear as daylight now. It was Bernard who murdered the sailor. Old Stevenson, who saw the deed done, has confessed all. We are free, free! But where is the scoundrel?

Harry. He is no more. God has punished him. ~~(embraces Kittie.)~~

Citizens. Long live Harry Dare! Hurrah!

Ulrick. (who has meanwhile embraced his daughter) All is well now. *(unites their hands)* Children take my blessing—be happy! And in taking my blessing, let me introduce you to your future mother, Miss Shreutendrock, who will become Mrs. Van Zandt on the same day on which Lillie will become Mrs. Dare.

Miss S. Oh, you shock my modesty.

John. Well, if everybody is going to get married, then let me introduce you to the future Mrs. Tinker. *(takes Kittie's hand.)*

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

Finis.

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